An Otome Game's Burikko Villainess Turned into a Magic Otaku

Volume 3

Sakura Ageha

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Summer vacation - First half

Chapter 1 - Q of Hearts (Part 1)

Royce-sama's kidnapping incident was dealt with for now, and I got used to life at the academy.
The culprits of the incident are right now in the middle of being investigated in the castle jail.
The captured count is the same as always, but it seems that Miss Claire is being obedient to a strange degree.
After that, Raiga sent to my address a wonderful magic book named "Forbidden Magics – the Complete Collection".
It seems that it was originally a magic book that belonged to the Royal Prince Faction, and was a rare book that can't even be found in the forbidden archives of the palace.
"It's something that only the people in the Royal Prince Faction know about, but even if they had it they would only do bad things with it, so I'll give it to you."
or so he said.
It can't be helped. Shall I forget about all the abusive words that he said during the kidnapping incident?

It seems that after that, Raiga earnestly tried to persuade the Royal Prince regarding his marriage with Mei.
Since after that incident, our relationship with Raiga has become less dangerous than before. Mei's idea of Achille and Royce-sama being hard to deal with has also disappeared. This is a good sign.
Only, unfortunately, Kai skirted the pursuers and is even now in the middle of escape.

We're about to enter the academy's summer holiday. This world has four seasons as well.
Many students will be returning to their homes this break.
Achille, Royce-sama and I are no exceptions. Having a long break sure is a little exciting, huh.
There's one more reason that I'm excited.
During this break, Achille's older stepsister, Déborah, will be holding her wedding ceremony.
While I was living life at school, she splendidly landed a speed-engagement, and then a speed-marriage.
Her parner is shockingly, a commoner who's her junior, and is apparently one of the guards that works at the castle.
Even though Déborah always talked about marrying into riches and power, to think there would be this sudden development…!
I definitely want to meet the groom!
And so, I happily decide to attend her wedding ceremony.

"I'm looking forward to it. I wonder what kind of dress Déborah will wear."

"Yeah… Let's pray that she wears a normal dress."

Though they're only half-siblings, it is his sister's wedding, but Achille has little excitement. I wonder if he's being shy.
Even though Déborah is so ridiculously fond of Achille…

"Oh yeah! Let's go meet Déborah to congratulate her in advance!"

I decided that right after I arrive home from school, I'll immediately charge into Achille's home for a visit.

※

"Welcome home, Camille-sama!"

The next day, the moment I opened the door to my home after arrived, Aimée came charging. As always, it's an incredible tackle.

"I-, I'm back… Aimée"

Even though I only just got home, because of Aimée, my stamina gauge has drastically diminished.

"Goodness, Camille-sama, you've become even more beautiful again… It's definitely because of Achille-sama's power, isn't it!"

I'm shocked…
Whether knowingly or unknowingly, Aimée has let out some extreme words.
As expected of the Chief Maid… She has sharp perception. I'll escape before Aimee says anything more!

"O-, Oh yeah! I have to go congratulate Déborah!"

"Ahh, she is your sister-in-law, isn't she! What shall we give her as a celebratory gift!? Listen up, Camille-sama, as a reference for your own wedding, make sure to have a proper talk with Déborah!"

…I just stirred up trouble for myself, huh.
The unusually fired up Aimée immediately began preparing what I needed for the visit to Déborah.

※

"Déborah! Congratulations on your wedding!"

While carrying a huge amount of celebratory gifts, I visited Déborah.
In the short while that I haven't seen her, Déborah's become more slim than before, and was now covering her mouth with her fan, face red.

In the guest room that I was brought into, we began having a girls talk.

“Thank you, Camille… I’m also happy to have a little sister-in-law as cute as you.”

Déborah’s personality has become a lot more mild. Is this the power of love…?
Even though when I first met her, she had a more haughty and funny personality.

“Hey, what kind of person is your groom?”

From what I hear, her marriage is a love marriage; something rare for a noble! Of course, the information source was Achille.

“Goodness, Camille! He’s a normal person.”

“I can’t tell with just that much.”

“…He’s kind. He’s a commoner, but he treats me more dearly than any noble boy. Okaasama and Oniisama were against it, but Otousama and Désirée were happy about it.”

It’s mainstream for the commoners of this world to marry for love, isn’t it?
Conversely, nobles almost never marry for love and go for The Political Marriage. A marriage like Achille’s and I where the political marriage matches our feelings is a very rare example.
There are also cases like the Rhodolite marquis family where the relationships between husband and wife improved after marriage, as well as cases like the Jade viscount family where the relations never improved and the family head has a mistress. For example, Soleil also had a number of mistresses after Achille’s mother, and is currently in the middle of a massive argument with this wife, and may one day end up living alone in the marquis estate.
That Déborah is marrying as she wishes in the midst of all this, is something I think is great.

“Saying this Camille, are things going well with Achille?”

“Uu-”

Please don’t just suddenly turn the brunt of the conversation on me, please.

“Achille is fundamentally a capable boy, but it seems that he can’t make any good calculations with you. He’s a good kid at heart, so please get along with him, okay?”

“O-, Of course.”

I’m currently in a situation where we’re reciprocating feelings. It’s expectedly embarassing, so I don’t want to talk to Déborah about it now though…
Speaking to Déborah even flustered, the door behind me made a sound as it opened.

“Camille!”

“A-, Achille? …Thanks for having me over.”

Speaking of the devil, the person himself appeared.
Leaning before the door to the guestroom was Achille, dressed in clothing for relaxed; a change from his noble clothes.
As usual, he’s pointlessly dripping with amour…

“Leaving me behind and visiting Oneesama first, aren’t you quite the cruel fiancée?”

Achille smiled sweetly.
The very first words I heard were a reprimand!
Achille’s eyes are fixed on me like a cat that was teasing its prey.

“Achille… Sorry about tha-, hyan-!?”

Sitting down right beside me, even though we’re in front of Déborah, Achille licked my ear.
What the heck is he doing all of a sudden!?

“Gyaaah-! M-, My-my-my-my-my-my-my-!”

Falling into terrible confusion, I tried to put some distance between Achille and I, but…
Without me noticing, Achille had already gotten my waist in a firm hold, and I couldn’t escape.

“…Whaat, Camille? Pretending to be a cicada?” [the earlier line, Camille goes mimimimimimimimi where mimi = ear, and cicadas are said to go miii miii miii miii in Japan.]

Damn you, Achille! Even though you know!
Who the heck would pretend to be a cicada in somebody else’s house!?

Even since I returned his feelings, Achille’s done more embarassing things than before. Somebody please stop this guy who’s unilaterally escalating things!
Moreover, for some reason he knows that my ears are weak.
Even though I didn’t say it!

“My, you two get along well, don’t you?”

“Déborah-?”

Don’t laugh, and please stop your brother!

“Seeing things go well between you, I’m feeling relieved as well.”

“Worry not, Oneesama.”

Both smirking, Déborah and Achille continue their conversation.
Wha-… Why are these two just concluding the conversation themselves!?
These two siblings really resemble each other!!

“Oh, Camille! It’s been a while!”

Probably because she knew we were gathered here, Désirée showed up in the guest room as well.
Today she’s wearing a light blue dress for homewear.
Rather than that intense hyper crinoline-type dress that she wore to the dance party, this type of dress suits her better.

“Camille, are you enjoying school? I wonder if there are any good men there.”

Because of her older sister’s marriage, Désirée is filled with interest in romance.

“Hmmmm… Good men, huh…?”

Désirée, you’re asking the wrong person.
I mean, to begin with, almost everybody in the Hearts class has labelled me as a tattoo weirdo…
And though it isn’t as much as before, the people in the Spades class are still wary of me, so…
And the ‘Anti-noble!’ aura in the Clovers class is no joke, so…
I fundamentally have nothing to do with men outside of Achille and Royce-sama you know.

“I think that a love marriage like Oneesama and Camille would be good too! Dominique-niisama still has not a single good woman《person》 you know. He’s a mothercon after all. I don’t want to fall behind him!”

No, I mean, I’m still not married you know?
Speaking of Dominique who Désirée mentioned, he’s Achille’s older brother and the next head of the viscount family.
But he has the reputation of being nothing like Achille at all.
Occasionally I catch sight of him at the Jade house but…
He’s always happily holding hands with Soleil’s wife, Adélaïde!
By the way, Dominique is eighteen.

It seems that Dominique isn’t really fond of Achille who’s an illegitimate child, and hasn’t really spoken to I who’ve been close to Achille since childhood.
But on occasion, while thinking about who knows what, with clouded, dark eyes he’ll look at me at though licking me with them… It’s a mystery.
I guess Dominique isn’t too fond of me either.

Déborah and Désirée, and Adélaïde and Dominique don’t really get along.
It might be that since they were children, Adélaïde has only been affectionate with

Dominique, the successor.
From the perspective of an outsider like me, the difference in treatment is obvious, so to the people involved, could it be even more than that…?
Perhaps because Dominique is indifferent towards his two sisters as well, the bonds between the siblings is weak.
To Dominique and his mother, Déborah and Désirée may have no more worth than chesspieces.

“At first, Okaasama planned to wed Déborah-Oneesama to some upstart baron you know? It’s unbelievable!”

“Upstart baron? Who’s that?”

“He’s the father of the man that came to talk to you at the dance party, Camille.”

I wasn’t really understanding the conversation, so Achille who was next to me cut in with a supplementary explanation.

“Dance party…? Ahh, it was that, huh!”

Speaking of which, I do recall getting into an argument with a strange, flashy guy at the castle dance party.
He was the second son of a baron…
And Achille declaring that bombshell announcement about being my fiancée… is still fresh in my mind.
I didn’t imagine it’d actually happen though.

“Huh? Désirée, hang on a moment. The『father』of that second son, means that…”

“Exactly! He’s a greasy, over fifty, lustful, sexual deviant of a middle-aged man!”

Désirée confirmed it!
It seems that she’s incredibly angry with Adélaïde’s actions.
…Certainly, a lustful, sexually deviant middle aged man might be a little unpleasant.

“But the talks of marriage to that upstart baron have stopped, right? That’s great!”

Right now, Déborah has a kind, commoner fiancé.

“Q-, Quite. But since then, Okaasama and Dominique-Oniisama haven’t said a word to Oneesama, you know?”

“…That’s rough huh? Even though you’re all family.”

“It’s okay, Camille. Right now Okaasama is wrapped up in an uproar about Otousama’s mistress, so it’s not that bad.”

Déborah smiled quietly.

That’s not the point on which you’re supposed to smile, you know!

The family relations of the Jade marquis family, are muddy.

Chapter 2 - Q of Hearts (Part 2)

It's been decided that Déborah's wedding will be held with dignity at the church with the most history in all the country.
Because there's the fact that her partner is a commoner as well, it's not going to be that large and flashy a ceremony.
However, because the many guard colleagues of the groom are coming in full force, the numbers ended up larger than expected.

"Déborah…"

When I went to the waiting room to meet the changing bride, she appeared dressed up.
Right now, Déborah isn't wearing a hyper princess-style dress, but a mature dress that fell straight down from below the busy. It fit her very well.

"You're so pretty, Déborah."

"Thanks, Camille."

She gave a joyful smile. I'm looking forward more and more to meeting the groom.

After leaving the waiting room, I spotted Achille who was speaking with nobles and guards in the church. To even be looking for useful future contacts at a place like this, as expected of Achille.

"Ah-, Camille returned."

Achille who I discovered smiled broadly at me. Uwah…
It kind of feels like I'm somebody special to Achille, so I'm feeling self-conscious. So Achille makes expressions like that too…
The guards that Achille were talking to were glancing my way. What? Does this dress… not suit me, I wonder? Or is there something stuck to my face?
While I was feeling bothered by it and looking back at them, Achille grabbed my hand.

"Sit down, it seems that the ceremony is about to start."

"Eh-, mmn… You're right."

I was led by the hand towards the seats in the church, and like that, sat down next to Achille and waited for the bride and groom to appear.
Even when I was sitting down, the guards were still intermittently turning their gazes my way, but…
I wonder if I really have done something after all.
Even though I went to the trouble of erasing my tattoos today because it's a holy matrimony, and I'm supposed to be inconspicuous…

“Camille, what is it that you’ve been looking at for a while now?”

Somewhat unhappy, Achille drew in towards me.
Even though there’s no need for him to draw in so close in a public place like this! It’s embarassing.
Perhaps knowing something, Désirée was smirking at me while suppressing a laugh.

“…Geez, what is it?”

“It might not be my place to say, but I think it’d be better if you had a bit more wariness.”

“Wariness?”

Is there a need for wariness at a wedding ceremony?

The sound of the pipe organ resounded, and the groom arrived.
The groom was an ash-blonde man who was more handsome than expected. Déborah, you’ve found a nice guy, haven’t you?
Following him was Déborah, who walked slowly, lead by the hand by Soleil. Lined up on the altar, Déborah and the groom looked joyed.

“What a nice ceremony… -,”

“…Camille, are you crying?”

I mean, it’s moving, you know. Even Désirée is also crying hugely with her nose running.
Achille took out a handkerchief and wiped my tears. As usual, he sure is good at looking after people.

“Come on, Camille.”

“Uuu… Déborahh, -sniff-”

Being unable to stop crying even then, I was embraced by Achille. He was patting my head soothingly.
Because I was reluctant to expose my messed up crying face, I stayed in Achille’s arms and buried my face in his chest.
Even after Déborah and her husband exited, I continued crying for a little longer.

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The reception was being grandly held at another nearby residence of their viscount family.
Déborah’s mother, Adélaïde, whose whole body was dressed enough that it was

“even if it’s this, I’ll still dress up properly”, was behaving sociably towards the invited nobles.
Also amongst them was the upstart baron that Désirée mentioned.
However, as expected of Adélaïde, she completely ignored the commoners that were mixed in there. She’s probably a little too blunt about it.

Until the reception began, I was escorted by Achille to the villa’s garden. In the past, Achille’s brought me here to play before.
On a small table nearby were cocktails in various colours, but recalling the painful memories from the entrance ceremony, I didn’t touch them.
It would be much too tragic if I ended up like *that again at the wedding reception.

“Should I bring some drinks with no alcohol?”

Seeing this, Achille kindly made a suggestion.

“Thanks, Achille. But I’m okay.”

I’d feel bad about having him go out of his way to bring me a drink.

“There’s no need to hesistate, you know. It’s not that far away, after all.”

When I looked in the direction that Achille was pointing, I found glasses with non-alcoholic drinks lined up, right inside the building.
Certainly, it was just a little walk away.

“You’re right.”

“Just wait a little.”

Like that, Achille went to bring me a drink.

“…You’re kind.”

The fact that he properly looks at me is something I like about him… I won’t say it though.

A little while after Achille left my side, I was surrounded by a number of men.

“Eh-… Ummm.”

Were they friends of the groom? They were toughly built, and seemed to probably be other guards, but…

“Is there something you need with me?”

After I asked them, they discussed something or other amongst themselves, and then replied to me.

“U-, Umm… We thought that you were beautiful, so we came to talk a little.”

The stern men became red, and fidgeted.
All flattery aside, they might have been looking for somebody to talk to. Amongst the nobles, the groom’s guests seemed a little timid.

“That’s fine, but I have a companion at the moment. Would you be okay with talking later?”

Achille is going to be back any minute, after all.

“Y-, Yes…”

The men immediately left. They don’t seem like bad people.
I mean, they seem interesting after all, so if I have time later, I’ll ask them various things about the groom’s personality.

Now then, Achille sure is late. Even though it’s just right there.
Or so I was thinking, when I noticed that the drinks table that Achille had gone to was surrounded by noble’s daughters. It’s the usual scene.
Noble daughters who boldly call out to an engaged man… Just where on earth does their confidence come from, I wonder. Even though Achille isn’t the type of guy who’ll lay his hands on other women while he has a fiancée.
Last time when we first got engaged there were also cases of people recommending him mistresses, but he clearly told them that he didn’t need one.
Even though it seems that the ladies’ attacks are troubling for him, Achille is still Achille. He’s that courteous, so the noble daughters who follow him around are endless!
Aahh, I’m getting kind of irritated. I can’t stay relaxed.
Even though I used to be able to tease Achille about his popularity. If it was going to be like this, I should have just talked with the guards who approached me earlier.

Unable to suppress the indignance in my chest, I took a cocktail from the nearby table.
It should be fine if it’s just one cup; the only problem was that I drank three last time.
Right now I want to quell the annoyance in my heart.
I brought the red cocktail to my lips.

Translator Notes

1. let me just state in advance that i have no idea what the differences between a summer house/gazebo/gazebo/pergola/chickadee are supposed to be, or where we draw the line, and what the author is thinking of etc. etc. so a few chapters from now, just imagine a magical gazebo-summerhouse hybrid please

Chapter 3 - Q of Hearts (Part 3)

Even after finishing the cocktail, my irritation wasn't settled. On the contrary, my anger towards the noble daughters was growing larger.
Right now I can painfully understand the feelings of the in-game Camille. I want to smack those noble daughters about…

"Alright! That's what I'll do!"

I'm not the nice girl heroine. I don't have the sort of lovely personality that'll have me suck on my thumb from a corner while looking on enviously.
I'll go now, and take back my fiancé from that ring of girls! It's simple.

Boosted by the vigour of alcohol, I took a powerful step forward, but suddenly, somebody call out to me from behind.

"Miss Camille, it seems that the reception is about to start, doesn't it?"

I stared at the person who had called out to me.

"…Dominique."

That's unexpected. To think he called out to me.
Dominique was wearing the black formal dress that he ordered for today. He strongly resembles the character that appeared in children's books from my old world; Humpty Dumpty.

"Shall we chat a little over there?"

I glanced at Achille, but it seems he's still in the middle of chatting with the noble daughters. From this, it seems that it'll still take some more time huh.

"Sure."

I decided to go with Dominique. I'll come back immediately so there probably won't be a problem.
He is technically Déborah's brother. Perhaps there's something he wants to say about his sister's wedding reception.

After being brought by him to gazebo away from the garden, I asked him about his business with me.
In the distance I can hear the voices of the other guests, chatting with a cocktail in hand.

"What was it you wanted to say to me?"

While crossing his blubbery arms, sweat running down his skin, Dominique replied.

“Miss Camille, just what is good about that illegitimate child?”

“…Huh?”

“You’re being tricked. That guy’s using you, it’s all for your position…!”

“…Hahh.” [either a sigh, or a non-committal ‘I see.’]

What’s he feeling indignant about? His face suddenly turned red.

“That man has no interest in anything but the position of Marquis. I can’t stand by and watch as you become a sacrifice to that kind of cold man!”

“Ummmmm…”

He’s talking about Achille… right?

“It still isn’t too late! You should cancel your engagement with him!”

“Umm, err…”

Dominique is serious. He’s seriously worried about me and recommending that I cancel the engagement with Achille.

“Since the past, that illegitimate child has been a man that only does things out of self-interest.”

Mmn, that I know. Achille has been hugely self-interested since the very moment we met, after all.
But right now I also know that that isn’t all he is.

“If it’s about about cancelling our engagement, I have no intention of doing so, you know?”

“Why-?”

“I know about both Achille’s calculativeness and ambition, but he has good points too… and, umm, I also… don’t hate him.”

Uwahh! So embarassing!
I didn’t think the day would come when I’d say something like that to Achille’s brother.
I held my reddened cheeks in my two hands.

However, it seems that Dominique wasn’t happy about my response.
He was jiggling as he trembled, and his large red face was gradually paling…

“You surprisingly, have bad eyes, huh… Even a marquis’ daughter like you.”

The moment he said this, Dominique strongly grabbed my arm.

“-…Dominique?”

Turning to look at me when I spoke, Dominique’s eyes were clouded over. It’s those eyes that he occasionally turns on me when I visit Achille’s house.
With my arm grabbed, I was forcefully held against the wall of the gazebo.

“Oww-…!”

Crap! Because today is Déborah’s wedding, my tattoos are gone!
Without my automatic defences, right now my physical power is no difference from a normal, weak noble’s daughter.

“I won’t accept it, I won’t accept it… For that guy to have a higher position than even me. For him to steal away everything away!”

While saying his, his hands clamped down on my arms.

“Dominique, it hurts. Let go!”

Should I use magic and blow Dominique away…? But it’s Déborah’s wedding ceremony, so I’d like to avoid doing anything that would cause a fuss.
Right now Dominique is running wild for some reason, but he’s Déborah’s real blood brother.

“Please stay quiet, Miss Camille; people will come, you know? If they saw this kind of scene, I wonder just what kind of rumours would spread.”

Too close! Dominique’s face is drawing right before my eyes.
I don’t know what kind of rumours would spread, but to me it’s certain that this situation is getting extremely bad.

“I won’t hand them over to that guy! Not a higher position than me, or you!”

Together with his rough breathing, Dominique stuck his body to me.
At this rate, I might get shamefully labelled as the evil woman who led on the two brothers of the viscount family! That’d be troubling!

As expected, even if it gets a little rough, I should use magic now to escape.
I immediately made to cycle magic power through my body to use magic… but, for some reason I can’t do it well.

“Mn… huhH? ThAT’S weIRd…”

I can’t pronounce things properly. My legs are feeling unstable… Dominique is

sneering at me.

“Miss Camille, are you already drunk from that cocktail?”

That might be. His idea that I can’t find my strength because I’m drunk is very possible.
Something like this happened before too, huhh. I guess I really should have held back from drinking.
Even if I reflect on it now, it’s too late though…

“Mmn…”

I suddenly couldn’t stand, and collased on the spot. Dominique began to blanket me with his body.

“Both the marquis’ position, and Miss Camille… are mine.”

While in a daze, my cloudy vision turned to the bottom of Dominique’s neck, and I discovered a familiar bruise.

Chapter 4 - J of Hearts (Part 1)

Today is my older sister Déborah's wedding ceremony.
Despite constantly talking to me about marrying into power, she married a solder of commoner's birth.
My stepmother and stepbrother were against this marriage, but my father was on Déborah's side and realised her wish.

That Déborah was wearing a normal wedding dress, and not her usual lantern-like dress was a little relief for me.
It seems that Désirée's tastes have also gone from lanterns to normal dresses recently. I wonder what on earth happened to my two sisters…

Well, let's leave that aside… Today, Camille was wearing a refreshing, ice-blue high waist dress. I'm bothered that it's a little short, but it suits her quite well. Her normal clothing is usually a robe, so it's a rare chance to see her wearing a dress like today.
Today, her magic tattoos are gone.
They were gone during the entrance ceremony as well, but… Once Camille erases her tattoos, the fact that men immediately turn their gazes to her is boundlessly unpleasant. Even though they normally don't even pay her a glance.
In particular, the groom's friends who probably don't know about her are sending her gazes, bold to the point of obviousness.
Camille is still Camille, you know. Even though it's be fine if she ignored those gazes… why is she looking back at them each time?
These guys have enough momentum that it seems they'll approach Camille at any moment now, so I embraced her and restrained them.

After the wedding ceremony, the reception was being held at our villa.
Until the reception begins, a cocktail party is being held in the garden… But.
Camille who's walking beside me is acting suspiciously. The fact that she's been glancing at the cocktails for a while now has not escaped me.

"I-, I'm not going to drink, you know. I've already decided not to drink anymore, after all."

It seems that she's recalling that incident at the entrance ceremony.
However, seeing the desirous gaze she was turning to the cocktails, it might just be a matter of time before she retracts her statement.
I decided to get her something else to drink before that happens. Fortunately, there's a table with non-alcoholic cocktails prepared nearby.
I'd have have Camille wait a bit, and I'd procure a drink for her I decided.

Since it was right there, I expectedly thought it'd be okay, but… Having gone to get a drink for Camille, I was splendidly surrounded by nobles' daughters.
For them to be fine with this kind of thing even at my sister's wedding is… I gave my tongue a small, unnoticable click.

Of course, these women know that I'm engaged to Camille.
That's why these women… are probably aiming for the position of the future Marquis Rhodolite's mistress.
There are many nobles with mistresses like my father in this country. Earlier, even Camille said that it would be fine to keep some mistresses, after all; it's that common a thing. It's not rare even for both husband and wife to have other lovers.

"Hey, Achille-sama. Won't you have a little chat with me?"

Go away. Camille's waiting for me nearby, but you can see that, right…?
They probably have too much confidence in themselves.
Camille is also a beautiful girl, but normally she acts like a weirdo so the daughters of nobles probably don't even bother with her.

"Sorry, my fiancée is waiting for me."

"Isn't it fine to talk for just a little?"

"To be married to an oddball marquis' daughter, Achille-sama is pitiful…"

This is how normal society sees me. Even though I'm the one who pushed for the engagement, for some reason people sympathise with me wherever I go.

"It's a beautiful gathering, so nobody would blame you even if you let down your hair a little."

No, this is my sister's wedding, you know? To do that in a gathering of nobles, how bold you'd have to be.

"Sorry, I also have things to do, so at some other time."

"Geez, please don't say something so cold!"

One of the noble daughters clung to me even more.
In truth, after bringing Camille, I have to go greet people you know…
I am technically Déborah's younger brother, so I have to go around and greet the guests. I did so before and after the wedding ceremony, but there are still others left.
Even though this is small scale, we're still nobles so the number of guests is no joke.
Thanks to my stepmother's showing off, even nobles we aren't even close to are attending in huge groups. This noble's daughter is one of them.
As you'd expect, His Highness didn't show up, but he sent words and a gift of congratulation.

"Achille-samaa"

The stubborn noble daughter wrapped her hands around my arm.
Was she the second daughter of the Wazzurri viscount family, again…? If I remember correctly, amongst the nobles' daughters, she has the nicest face, but her pridefulness

and pushiness practically spills out of her. You could say that it's hatred for my own kind, but at the very least, I can do things a little better than her.

"We did get this rare chance to meet after all… Isn't it fine?"

As if it's fine! Seriously, give me a break; what are you going to do if Camille misunderstands?
Even while this was going on, I was still worried about Camille, so I unconsciously turned my eyes her way but…

"…Not there."

Camille wasn't there.

"Camille?"

It couldn't be that she got jealous and walked off somewhere?

"…It's nothing surprising. It's Camille after all."

But then I'll be worried about where she disappeared to. Could it be that she's gone to talk to the soldiers from before, or could it be…?

"Mn?"

On the table, right where Camille was sitting, was an empty drink glass.
I got a bad premonition.

"Hey, Achille? The fiancée who's in the way is gone, so let's go."

While I was worrying about Camille, Viscount Wazzurri's daughter continued talking to me without giving up. All the other nobles' daughters have been pushed back by her good looks and forcefulness.

"Please let go, Miss Wazzurri."

"My, you don't have to speak so distantly. Please call me Elenore."

…I probably won't call you that all my life.

Chapter 5 - J of Hearts (Part 2)

After inserting a refusal to the girls, I started to search for Camille. But, there was approximately one person who couldn't read the mood…

"Geez, isn't it fine-!? I'm sure Camille-sama is getting along with some other man. It take quite a man of valour to call out to a person like that though, hohohoho!"

Hahahahaha, shall I obliterate you socially? I'll so thoroughly corner you that you'll never recover.
It's the first time someone has spoken so harshly of Camille.

"Like I said, we should have fun together."

"…"

"Achille-sama?"

The viscount's daughter looked at me doubtfully after I went silent.
However, it seems she interpreted it in a way convenient for herself. Honestly, it's impossible to understand how this person thinks.

"Huhuhu, I also yearn for you, Achille-sama. So…"

"Excuse me."

I cut off her words.

"I have not even a grain of yearning for you, and I have no plans to yearn for you."

"…What do you mean?"

Seemingly unable to comprehend the meaning of my words, the viscount's daughter blinked her eyes.
Something that seemed a matter of course to me is apparently an unexpected outcome for her.

"Like I said, I am saying that I have no intention of making you who, insulted my precious fiancée, my mistress."

Of course, I have no intention of keeping any mistress to begin with.
Probably gradually understanding the meaning of my words, she began to tremble in disgrace.

"You are saying, that I am inferior to that tattoo woman?"

“Yes, in every way.”

I gave her an extraordinary smile. Of course, in harassment.

“Well then, I shall be leaving.”

I promptly did an about face and left the area.
From this situation, it’s possible that Camille is hurt or in danger. I don’t think Camille will be done in easily, but there’s no harm in being overly cautious.
That the rampage of a lady mad with jealously is surprisingly terrifying is something that we learnt from Miss Claire’s case after all.
Even having that much said to her, the viscount’s daughter seemed like she was still about to follow after me, so I quickly moved away from that place.
I have to quickly look for Camille…

The party grounds were crowded with people. Honestly, I don’t feel that I’ll find her immediately.
I activated search magic without hesistation. I’m nervous since this is the first time I’ve used the magic, but you can’t escape a crisis without some sacrifice.
I took out the quill that I received as a present from Camille, and changed it into light.
When I did, what should have been light flew outside the party grounds.

“Why?”

Did she start feeling bad from the alcohol, and leave the premises…?
I chased the light in a panic.

Camille was inside a gazebo that was a little removed from the garden.
Together with someone unexpected…

“Why is he here?”

In the gazebo, it seemed that my half-brother Dominique was in an agitated state and was in the middle of closing in on Camille.
Speaking of which, I’ve seen Dominique behave like he’s fallen in love with Camille before.
Occasionally when she comes over to our house, his eyes are glued to her with a hot stare… He fancied her.
However, if you had to say it, despite being arrogant at home, Dominique is shy outside. I underestimated him and thought that he wouldn’t lay his hands on somebody else’s fiancée but… it seems that this is an exception.
If I don’t hurry, Camille will be in danger. Right now she doesn’t even have tattoos, so she can’t even use automagic defence.
And, perhaps because she’s drunk, she looks kind of limp.

“Camille!”

“Achille-samaa!”

When I tried to move forward, my left arm was suddenly caught by a delicate white hand.

"…-"

Chasing me this far? What incredible tenacity.
When I turned around, the viscount's daughter was standing there.

"See? Look. Isn't Camille-sama in the middle of enjoying herself? And of all people, with your Oniisama. How unpleasantt, how dirtyy."

I wordlessly shook off her hand. Right now saving Camille takes precedence.

While I was busy with this woman, Camille had fallen to the ground.
Dominique got on top of her without hesitating. My mind turned bright red.

"Dominique!"

From here, I won't make it even if I run – do I fire magic at him?
It's fine right? Even if I get a little rough, I mean.
The moment I turned my hand towards Dominique…

"Oi, youuu! What the bloody 'ell are you doin' in broad daylight!?"

A black shadow suddenly appeared, and thrust Dominique away.

Translator Notes

1. Enter osakaben character. Um, impression is like, humorous and witty (although that's because of manzai culture associations from television etc.) and idunno, just different. It often gets adapted as cockney or 'southern USA', but that's not really right, not just for osaka dialect, but kansai dialect in general. Kind of a different impression, but hey.
   So yeah, idunno. Ended up using a very, very, very mild (I don't even change the t's into glottal stops) mockney accent… that's actually neither of them. Hohoho, what a mysterious and inconsistent accent this is. I wonder just where she comes from.

Chapter 6 - J of Hearts (Part 3)

I was stunned by the sudden development, but immediately regained my bearings and ran towards Camille's side. Naturally, I ignored the viscount's daughter.

"Camille, are you okay?"

It seems that she lost consciousness, but she was unhurt.
But she smells a little bit like alcohol… She drank, didn't she?

"You-… Bakamille!"

I'll immediately take her elsewhere and nurse her. I can't leave her like this.
I picked Camille up.

"Whaat, just when I was thinkin' that some couple was foolin' around. Isn't this little miss out cold? Wasn't that fat Niichan over there forcefully attackin' 'er?"

The shadow that tackled Dominique slowly stood up.
Their true identity of that black thing was actually the black-clothed servant of the Jade house; a bespectacled girl with black braids.
If I remember correctly, she's a new maid that we recently hired for the villa.
Since she just entered our service at the villa, she probably doesn't know my face, nor Dominique's.

"You there! What is a lowly maid like you thinking, to ram me like that!"

Dominique who was thrust away was supporting his heavy body as he got up, and glared at the maid with rough breathing.
That guy is always haughty to those lower than him, without distinction.

"There's nothin' to say about it! Someone like you who was going to do indecent things to a bloody unconscious girl 'ere shouldn't be talkin'!"

"Miss Camille belongs to me! That's why I can do whatever I want! Achille… Get away from her!"

Dominique whose gaze turned to me raised a hateful voice as his body shook. His words make no sense.

"…So troublesome."

Dominique has completely hated me since childhood. He 100% ignores my words anyway.
When I ignored his demand, he approached with bloodshot eyes.

“You illegitimate childd-!”

The frenzied Dominique came to attack me, so I promptly avoided him. Wouldn’t it be terrible if he hit Camille?
Having lost its destination, that large body lost its balance and once again tumbled to the floor.
I desperately kept down the urge to kick flying the lump of meat in front of me that lay its hands on Camille, and bound him with magic.

As though binding him, I sealed the movements of his two hands and feet.

“I won’t! I won’t hand her over! The marquis’ position and Camille… As if I’ll let an illegitimate child like you have a single one of them!”

“Should I seal up that noisy mouth as well?”

I fired magic at Dominique’s mouth as well. It’s unpleasant to hear Camille’s name come out of that mouth.

“You there, please carry him into the basement from the back entrance.”

I called out to the maid with braids who was conveniently here.
However, she pouted in displeasure.

“Hahh? Carry this fat mister? Why do I ‘afta…?”

“You’re our family’s maid, right? This is the first time we’ve met, but… the one you’re working for is me, you know.”

The maid widened her eyes at my words.

“…Could it be?”

“I am Achille Jade. This family’s second son.”

And the one lying on the floor is the first son, but… I doubt there’s any need to say it right now.
After showing acknowledgement at my words, the maid said she was going to get a trolley and headed to the storeroom.

“Now then…”

I looked at Camille who was in my arms. She’s sleeping quietly, oblivious to anyone else.

“You really are too defenceless… What should I do now?”

I’ll immediately head to the mansion. It’s not bad either to spend time alone with

Camille in a room until the reception starts.

“Achille-sama, where is it that you are headed? I shall also-…”

Ahh, she was still here, wasn’t she. The viscount’s daughter followed me even this far.

“To nurse my precious fiancée…”

“My, Achille-sama. There’s no need to go that far for a shameless woman who even lay her hands on your real brother.”

I want to erase this rude and shameless woman from this place right this instant…

“Miss Wazzurri, please return to the party. If you cannot, then please leave here immediately.”

I tried to speak as gently as I could. If I didn’t, it felt like my true colours would spill out at any moment.

“How cruel. To pick a woman like that over me… I know! Achille-sama, you’ve had magic cast on you by that tattoo woman! If she didn’t, there is no way that you would like a woman who is so strange in the head!”

“Please stop it already.”

“Oohhh, they’re fightin’ over love…”

While I was arguing with this viscount’s daughter, the braids maid from before returned.
She came back with a trolley for carrying Dominique, and a number of fellow maids.
…Her timing is just right. I decided to let the maids take care of the annoying stuff.

“Please have this young lady return. Please guide her to the entrance.”

“Achille-sama… Understood.”

The oldest maid answered. She’s a veteran who’s served the Jade family for many years. It’ll probably be fine even if I leave this viscount’s daughter to her.

“Wha-… Achille-sama? I’m not returning yet, you know? I still have many things I would like to chat with you about! And furthermore, if somebody has to return, then should it not be Miss Camille that leaves first? She was on the brink of drunkenly doing indecent things with Dominique-sama, you know? Whilst having a wonderful fiancé like you, Achille-sama!”

The viscount’s daughter desperately went on and on.
Hearing this, the maids looked at each other with uncomfortable expression.
With the exception of the newcomer maid with braids, all of the loyal retainers of the

Jade family know very well the relationship between Camille and I.
Because of that, they've also noticed my bad mood.

"Would it not be better to change your way of speaking…?"

After giving once glance at the noble daughter who was stubbornly staying here, I turned to face the maids and gave them another order.

"Take this rude thing that insulted my precious fiancée, and immediately remove her from the premises."

After giving a reverent bow, the maids immediately became to bring the viscount's daughter away.

"You insolents! A lowly maid should not casually touch mee! Achille-sama, Achille-samaa!"

With only fruitless resistance, the viscount's daughter was surrounded by the maids, and then dragged outside the estate.
While that was happening, the braids maid and another young maid picked up Dominique together and placed him on the trolly.

"AAAahhh, even though it's a rare chance for a big celebration, in the end I hafta carry this big mister…"

"After carrying him inside, lock the door. I'll take care of the key after that."

"Understoood. Achille-sama, your keigo and pokerface are slipping, you knowww?"

While smirking, the maid with braids left the with the trolley.

The only ones left in the vicinity of the gazebo were Camille and I.

"Camille… I'm glad that you're safe, but why did things end up like this?"

Camille was sleeping quietly in my arms.
I decided to carry her into my room in the village, and nurse her there.

Chapter 7 - Q of Hearts (Part 4)

"Uuu, my body feels heavy."

Oh yeah, Dominique was on top of me. I have to push him off!
My eyes snapped open and I gathered power in my arms, and slapped my palms towards the source of the weight.

But, the weight wouldn't even budge. It seems that my attack had no effect at all.

"Nn, Camille, you're up?"

"Mnn? …Huh? Achille's voice?"

I turned my head left and right, observing my surroundings. I was laying on a canopy bed in a room that I didn't know.
From on top of a blanket, Achille was leaning on me. …So Achille was the source of the heaviness.
For now, I'm relieved that Dominique isn't here.

"Why am I in a bed?"

"…You don't remember?"

Achille peered into my face at point-blank from atop the bed.

"Dominique…?"

"After he went on a rampage, I restrained him and locked him up in the basement."

I wonder how long it's been since then… I wonder if Dominique did anything to me after that.
…I can't tell.
What am I gunna do if it's turned into a situation where I can't be a bride? My dress is fine, and it doesn't seem to have been torn off though.
Because I have no idea what happened while I was out, I'm feeling anxious.

"Achille… I, by Dominique,"

I looked up at Achille timidly.

"-… Achille, what do I do?"

Huh?
Droplets are dripping onto the sheets. From along my cheeks… warm water is flowing down endlessly.

Aahh, am I, crying? How selfish. Even though all of this is my own fault. To think I'd start crying once things became inconvenient for me.

"It's fine now, Camille. It's fine now."

Achille hugged me, blanket and all.

"After you collapsed, Dominique was immediately thrust away by one of our maids. He didn't do anything to you."

"…Really?"

When I asked him this, Achille's embrace became even firmer.

"Really. You just drank yourself out cold. How are you feeling? Do you feel bad at all?"

Like what, he continued to gently stroke my back.

"Mmn, I seem fine. I only drank one cup after all… What about Déborah's wedding reception?"

"I don't think it'd be in a good position to start."

"…Sorry. Even though it's your Oneesan's wedding reception, things turned out like this."

"I'm the one who's sorry. I should have realised earlier… I let you be in danger, didn't I?"

"You're wrong, I was careless."

Neither of us will let the other say that they're wrong. It doesn't seem that things will go anywhere at this rate.
It seems that Achille was thinking the same thing, bceause he gave an awkward, bitter smile.

"Well, the one most in the wrong was Dominique… But it might be good that this happened, as long as you've learned not drink and then willing follow strange men."

"Mmn. I won't drink anymore, and I definitely won't follow men alone except for you, Royce-sama and Otousama."

Hearing my words, Achille gave a satisfied smile. His lips came down on my forehead.

"Nn… Achille."

"Camille…"

Like that, Achille's lips came down from my forehead, and before I knew it, he had taken my lips.
A tongue passed through my lips, and stroked the inside of my mouth. …Achille-sama, aren't you escalating things each time you kiss?

"Nnn-… Hu-…"

"…Camille-, n-,"

Suddenly, somebody vigorously knocked at the door.

"'Scuuuuse meee, I've brought the key for the basementttt."

I think… I heard Achille give a little tsk.
Parting from me with a reluctant expression, he headed towards the door.

"Well done."

When Achille opened the door, there stood a maid girl with black braids.

"Hm? I know this face…"

After staring at her, our eyes met.

"Aahh, little miss. You've woken up, eh? That's great."

"…?"

"Camille, this is our family's maid, Aurelia Trèfle. She's the maid that thrust Dominique away."

"Eh-, really? Thank you, Aurelia. You saved me."

Right! Aurelia was…
The Q of Clovers! The one that failed the exam or whatever.
Because her atmosphere is just too different from the game, I didn't recognise her at first.

The Aurelia in the game was a honours student type rival with a docile atmosphere.
If you chose the K of Clovers route, Aurelia would appear along the way, and get in the way of the heroine. She was overly serious and a little gloomy, and if you took off her glasses, she was actually an incredible beauty.

Unlike the other rival girls, she never directly complained to the heroine, but would harrass her in the shadows in a way that she wouldn't be caught.
She'd hide one of the heroine's important magic books on the day of a test for example, or she'd rip up a dress that the heroine was supposed to be wearing for the school festival, or she'd steal a present that the K of Clovers gave to the heroine for

example…
In the end, her harassment of the heroine escalated to physical harm, and her harassment was revealed on a large scale by them and she was forced to drop out of school.
After that, the K of Clovers happily got together with the heroine.

Both Mei and Beatrix were like me, people from another world.
Meaning that the possibility that she is as well is high. She seems to have a personality that's exactly the opposite of Aurelia's after all…

I want to ask her about it right this minute, but unfortunately, Achille is here.
I haven't told him that I was a high schooler in another world.
It'd be, tricky, to tell him after all this time, after all. To begin with, there's way too little credibility in proving that the original Camille had a different personality.

"Aurelia is working at the villa?"

"…? Well yeah?"

"She won't come to the main residence?"

"There are no plans for that. She is technically a live in worker, but because her actual home is incredibly close to here… Which is why she's working with us, after all."

How should I come into contact with Aurelia from now on?
Should I just charge into the village some other day, whilst thanking her for today as well? Mmn, let's go with that.

"Ah…!"

Oh yeah, I forgot something important.

"Dominique!"

At the base of his neck was a bruise from a forbidden art!

Non-canon - Q of Hearts (Part 4) (parallel world)

Author's Note:
I came up with a Chapter 7 with some different contents, so I thought I'd try writing it out.

It follows the original Chapter 6…

I'm aware that it's a little Otome Game-ish. (laughs)

"Uuu, my body feels heavy."

Oh yeah, Dominique was on top of me. I have to push him off!
My eyes snapped open and I gathered power in my arms, and slapped my palms towards the source of the weight.

But, the weight wouldn't even budge. It seems that my attack had no effect at all.

"Nn, Camille, you're up?"

"Mnn? …Huh? Achille's voice?"

I turned my head left and right, observing my surroundings. I was laying on a canopy bed in a room that I didn't know.
From on top of a blanket, Achille was leaning on me. …So Achille was the source of the heaviness.
For now, I'm relieved that Dominique isn't here.
＜A Choice Has Appeared＞
→ Cry and reflect.（Go to the original Chapter 7）
→ Reflect? About what?（Go below!）
"I ended up getting squashed by Dominique, but it seems that I'm fine. As you'd expect, I don't think I'd be able to support that huge body, after all."

"……"

I wonder why. It feels like a black aura is seeping out of Achille.

"S-, Speaking of which, why am I here?"

I turned my head left and right, observing the room.
Even though I was supposed to be outside until just a moment ago…

"You don't remember?"

Achille's eyes turned dangerous.

Really, why do I feel like I just said something incredibly bad…?
Maybe it's the power of the alcohol, but I can only vaguely remember what happened when I met Dominique.
This is bad, this is really bad… Being pressured by Achille, I'm desperately trying to remember, but because of my panic, my mind is just spinning in circles.

"H-, Huh? Umm…"

"You-, Bakamille! Didn't I warn you earlier about readily following other men? Didn't you say that you'd be careful?"

"Uu-…"

He's probably talking about the time I went to Tria's room. He certainly did say it…

"And moreover, you drank! Didn't you learn from the time at the entrance ceremony?"

"Uuu-…"

It's a fact that I messed up big time at the entrance ceremony. It hurts to be jabbed there.
＜A Choice Has Appeared＞
→ Talk back.（Let's go with this one;）
→ Dogeza.
"B-, But-! If we're talking, then you too, Achille! Telling me off even though you were all lovestruck, surrounded by those girls! All while telling me not to cheat!"

To be smiling at those girls in front of your own fiancée, even for a calculating guy, isn't that too cruel?
When I talked back, Achille's dangerous atmosphere softed a little.
…Huh? Even though, I talked back to him?
Even though there shouldn't have been anything in my words just now to appease his anger.
On the contrary, because I was prepared to incur more of his anger with my retort, it's anticlimactic.
It's incredibly ominous.

"Camille."

"Wwh-, wh-wh-what is it…?"

I asked, coweringly. At times like this, this unreadable fiancé of mine is incredibly scary.

"Could it be… that you were jealous of those girls?"

“Eh-…”

I looked up at Achille, dumbfounded.

“Hmmm, so you were jealous.”

Achille muttered to himself. It seems like his black aura is quietening down.
Suffering from that at point blank was terrible, so it’s a relief.

As though his expression up until now was a lie, a smile floats to his face.
He’s smiling, no… He’s smirking.

“Mn?”

“You’re so cute, Camille. Did you think I’d be stolen by those girls?”

“C-, Cute-?”

What did he say…?
Since we were young, he’s called me “unfortunate” or “idiot” or “thick” countless times, but he’s never ever said something like “cute”.
Being suddenly told that was quite a shock.

“A-, A-A-A-A-As if I-, a-… a-, aym-!”

It’s no good, when I tried to object, I fumbled and couldn’t say it like I wanted to.
Seeing this, Achille’s shoulders trembled in laughter. To be laughing at somebody in turmoil, he’s the worst!

“Achille, you stupid idiot!”

Because his face was right there, I decided to settle things with a chop to his forehead.

“Ahahahaha, sorry Camille.”

He’s still freaking laughing… Once more! I raised my hand to really settle things with a hit to the crown, but my arms were caught, and I was pulled down towards Achille.

“Be gentle with sick people!”

“Aren’t you just drunk, Camille?”

Like that, I was held tightly in Achille’s arms.

“You don’t have to worry. I have no intention of changing my mind to one of those noble daughters, you know?”

I know that. I at least know that Achille isn't the type of frivolous guy who would do that. But when I see him happily chatting with those girls, I get much too irritated.
But facing him head on and telling him that is, really embarassing.
＜A Choice Has Appeared＞
→ Tell him honestly.
→ Act tough.（Let's go with this one;）
That's why I spat out words that I didn't really mean.

"I'm not particularly worried or anything. I don't care either way."

Suddenly, Achille's dark aura started gushing out.
Oh crap, did my remark just now rub Achille the wrong way?

"Don't care either way… huh…?"

"Hii-…"

I stiffened. It seems that he wasn't happy to hear "don't care either way".
I wanted to put some distance between us, but because I'm being embraced and restrained, it's impossible.

"You think nothing at all of someone like me, right? That's why you'll follow some other guy when it's just you two?"

"No-… That's not it."

Oh crap, oh crappp. Our conversation has looped back to this. At this rate, will it end up as another lecture?
Since a long time ago, I've occasionally been lectured by him, but Achille's lectures where I have no room for objection are scary, and I'm terrible at handling them.

"I wonder if I'm too timid… For you to say something like that to me, is…"

"Eh-? I don't think that you're too timid at al-…"

"No, there's no mistake. Right now, it'd be best to make a stronger impression on you, right? So that you won't say "don't care either way" ever again."

Achille, your eyes are scary you know…
I trembled in dread. Dominique or dragons can't compare. The thing that I'm most terrified of in this world, might be him…

"N-N-, No need!"

Without listening to me at all, as I'm still laying down on the bed, Achille looms over me.
His hand rested on my dress.

“Wai-… Achille, we can’t do this before marriage, you know! And this kind of thing should only be done when the moonlight is out, okay?”

“…”

At this rate I’ll be in, in various meanings, a pinch.
That because of my careless remark, I forcefully turned on Achille’s “switch” is, something that I’m regretting with all my strength.

Author’s Note:
The above was in a parallel universe. (laughs)
It has absolutely no relation to the original story.

Translator Notes

1. “To be laughing at somebody in turmoil, he’s the worst!” ^ here, ‘he’s the worst‘ is more or less how Japanese would say ‘what a bastard!‘, but because of his parentage, I couldn’t use it without readers wondering if there was some extra meaning to it.

2. “Achille, you stupid idiot!” ← (馬鹿やろう, bakayarou)

Chapter 8 - Q of Hearts (Part 5)

"Did something happen?"

Achille noticed my change.

"At the foot of Dominique's neck was a bruise from a forbidden art."

"Eh-?"

"I was thinking that he was acting a little strange, and it seems that a spell is cast on him."

We have to hurry up and dispel it.

"Achille, I want to go to the basement that Dominique is locked up in."

"But, Camille… are you alright with meeting Dominique?"

Because something like that happened, he's probably worried about me.

"I'm okay now. I'd prefer not to meet if possible, but at this rate, we can't leave him alone, so."

I headed to the cellar with Achille. Aurelia has gone back to work.

When we opened the cellar door, Dominique was there, lying along the ground.
I can smell the dampness.
Dominique was lying still there, without even a twitch.

"Dominique…"

I timidly spoke to him.

"It's fine. I've cast magic on him so that he won't start screaming or acting violently."

It seems that because of the constraint magic cast on him, Dominique won't move, but his eyes alone are glaring at me fiercely.

"Dominique, you're under a forbidden spell. I'll remove it."

Since the case with Miss Claire, I was allowed by Royce-sama to deal with the areas with forbidden magic books, but… it seems that it'll take a little time until I get authorisation to read them.
I still haven't been granted formal permission yet.
…Isn't it taking too long just to get permission?

I looked at Dominique's neck once more. It doesn't seem that there are two layers of magic like the time with Miss Claire.
If it's only magic to amplify the feelings of hatred, then even I can probably deal with it.
I held out my hand to Dominique.
Forbidden magic is quite high level magic in itself. Even though I say that I'm only dispelling it, you have to go through the reverse procedures of the magic, and it requires concentration.
The bruise on Dominique's neck shone, and its colour changed.

"…!"

It seems that he's sealed from speaking as well, but Dominique made an expression of suffering.
If he was able to let out a voice, wouldn't he have certainly screamed?

"It'll just take a little longer."

The colour of the bruise continued to fade, and eventually it completely disappeared.
It seems that at the same time that the bruise disappeared, Dominique lost consciousness. His eyes are closed.

"The forbidden magic is goneee. It seems that Dominique was in pain, so he's fainted."

"Isn't that fine?"

Even though it's his half-brother, Achille's attitude is cold.

"It seems that removing a forbidden magic puts quite a strain on them, huh?"

..

"Do you think, we can still make Déborah's reception?"

"It's fine. She said that she'd be changing her dress five times."

As expected of Déborah. To change her dress five whole times; she really doesn't betray expectation.

"Shall we go?"

"…Mn."

We walked towards the gorgeously decorated wedding reception.

"Camille."

“Nn? What~?”

“One day, I want us to have a wedding like this too.”

“…!”

Saying something like that right now is foul play.

Summer vacation - Second half

Chapter 9 - Q of Hearts (Part 1)

Today I went to the castle.
I've finally gotten permission to enter the restricted section of the castle library.

Right now I'm in Royce-sama's room, and in the middle of listening to him talk about it.
Of course, he brought out tea and sweets as well.
As expected of Royce-sama, you truly understand! Delicious black tea with a meringue-like dessert… WE art satisfied.[1]

"Sorry that it took so long, Camille. They were reaaally a bunch of stubborn idiots… I still have a long way to go as well, huh…"

I wonder what happened. Royce-sama is quietly fuming. Royce-sama gets angry with a quiet smile, so he's a little scary isn't he…? The number one scariest is Achille though.

"Royce-sama, thank you."

"Mn, I got permission for three people granted, so let's go together."

Mn? Three people?
The ones browsing the forbidden books, won't just be me?

When my doubt appeared on my face, the door to the room was knocked, and Achille appeared, guided here by the maid.

"Three people you said?"

"Me, you, and Achille of course."

You fellows shall be reading as well!?
It seems that my thoughts were revealed on my face, and Royce-sama happily said to me,

"I mean, isn't it unfair if it's only you? We want to see them too. Right, Achille~?"

"Indeed. It would be better for a larger number of people to be able to deal with forbidden magic, after all."

Or so Achille said, following up with a reasonable argument, but I think Achille has the same opinion as Royce-sama.
Achille looked at me with suspicion, and smiled wryly.

"It wouldn't do if only you faced danger, right Camille?"

And like that, Achille took from my hand the meringue I was nibbling on, and stuffed his cheeks with it.

“Ah-!”

“Mn, sweet…”

I-I-I-I-Indirect Kiss! Geez, he’s done something incredible again… I think.
As expected, no matter how much time passes, I haven’t gained any resistance to Achille’s actions.

“How niceeee, I want to do that kind of thing tooo.”

Royce-sama said something a little off the mark.

“Isn’t it fine just to do so then? If it is you, you should be able to do so as much as you like. However, please pick a partner other than Camille.”

Despite using keigo, the words that Achille heaped onto Royce-sama were merciless, huh? Could we consider it a proof of closeness?
Royce-sama smiled amusedly. He doesn’t hold back in front of Achille either.

“Ahaha, as if I would do something life-risking like that!”

“…That noble daughter?”

Achille looked at Royce-sama with a complicated expression. On the other hand, Royce-sama was giving his usual sparkly smile.

“Mn, yeah!”

That noble daughter? Who exactly…?

“Royce-sama, have you fallen for someone?”

I picked up another pseudo-meringue and nibbled on it. My previous one was stolen by Achille after all.

“Yeah, shall I have you acquaint yourself with her sometime? I’d be happy if you helped me out with her, but…”

I-, It couldn’t be, the heroine?
Did she get close to Royce-sama without me knowing? Ever since I covered her in various things during the entrance ceremony, I haven’t been able to strike up a real conversation with her though.

“It’s Miss Beatrix.”

Achille helped me out.

“Eh-, Beatrix?”

Because I heard an unexpected name, my eyes widened.

“Right, during the entrance ceremony, I was unexpectedly taken by her at first glance.”

“Eeehhh-!”

I had not noticed at all.

“By the way, Royce-sama, what parts of Beatrix did you find to your liking?”

Royce-sama answered my question with sparkling eyes. He looks like a maiden in love…

“Her strong parts!”

An immediate reply.

“I see.”

“And not only that, she’s incredibly humble, and kind,”

At this rate, it feels like he’ll continue talking about Beatrix forever.
But Miss Beatrix, huh? I got the feeling that she’s a Raiga fan.

“Your Highness, it is about time…”

Thankfully, Achille cut off the runaway Royce-sama.

“Ah-, you’re right. Shall we head to the library?”

It’s perfect timing since we’ve just finished drinking the tea, and we’ve just finished eating the pseudo-meringues too.

“Yes, let’s go!”

We gleefully headed to the library.

Translator Notes

1. *“WE art satisfied.”*
   余は満足じゃ (yo wa manzoku ja)
   For a while this was trending as a tag used when someone ate or drank something delicious and satisfying, but even after googling for a bit, I couldn’t find the source. Not that it matters – point is, she was just saying it slightly jokingly.

Ah, and the “we” here is an oratory/royal “We”, and 余 is often used as a pronoun for royalty in Japanese fantasy fiction, but I’m unsure where it historically came about in Japan.
Perhaps it was no historically recent Japanese that used it, but rather a pronoun from Chinese that they adapted when translating the speech of their Western counterparts over the last few centuries?
Unsure, and not motivated/bored enough to find out, but if anyone knows, mind telling me?

Chapter 10 - Q of Hearts (Part 2)

The library room was in the eastern wing of the castle.
And speaking of the eastern wing, it's a place where many of the King Faction members live. In contrast, the western wing is a building crawling with the Royal Prince Faction.
Why is the library in a place like this? Even thought it would've been fine to place it in the central wing. Because the Royal Prince Faction stay away from the eastern wing, it feels a bit unfair.
That's why nobles of the Royal Prince Faction who possess and monopolise important books like Raiga are neverending.
The book "Forbidden Magics – the Complete Collection" that I got from Raiga… It was a book that was not just a little dangerous. They're appearing, they're appearing, various brutal magics that turn away from the path of a human~ The editor too is quite the piece of work, putting together that many dangerous forbidden arts.
Forbidden arts in and of themselves are things that can't be used by normal people, but if a skilled magician was in possession of a book of forbidden arts, and on top of that, put the forbidden art into practice, that would be quite a threat.

Because the number of people who can use the library are limited, it's quiet.
I occasionally use this place as well. And I've occasionally intruded on the forbidden arts corner.
Once Royce-sama starts walking, the people in the corridor all give him way without exception. He's like Moses, or maybe like those head doctors that I saw in the dramas in my old world.

"Camille, today we're properly using the key, so don't pick the lock, okay?"

"Royce-sama! Even I don't just constantly, constantly, go around picking locks, you know?"

After descending the library's spiral staircase, we head through the door to a room at the end of the very lowest floor.

Lined up inside this gloomy and dusty room are the shelves of the forbidden magic books.

"This is the first time I've seen it, but there sure are a lot of books aren't there."

"It seems that we will be breaking our backs to find the spell cast on Miss Claire, doesn't it?"

Certainly, unlike when I was browsing through the magic books on a whim, searching for a certain magic is quite a bothersome job.

"Hm? This… The dust is wiped off strangely."

On a dusty shelf, Royce-sama discovered the tracks of one place alone with dust wiped off.

“Truly. The trail of a finger or something has been left behind. Camille…?”

“Y-, You’re wrong! It wasn’t me! As if I would leave behind such an obvious trail!”

How rude. If I left behind that kind of trail when I looked at the forbidden magic books, wouldn’t someone start saying stuff like “There was an intruder guyyys~”?

“Meaning, that someone else broke in?”

“The possibility for that seems high, doesn’t it?”

Who was it anyway? For someone other than me to have broken in here and read the books.

“But really, it is because people keep breaking in here as they please that I think it would be better to change all the keys in the palace.”

What Achille said was completely right, so I took the chance to get onboard.

“I’m with Achille! The locks and defence in the castle is too lax!”

“…Camille the past offender is saying it, so that really is the truth, huh…”

It seems that my existence is playing the role of good proof.

“Aren’t the books around this finger trail suspicious? It does not seem to be the trail of a book being taken, after all.”

At Achille’s words, we all took a book from around the finger trail.

“It doesn’t seem to be the trail from a book being stolen, but… let’s have the librarian confirm it later.”

“Yes, I think it would be better to check the identities of the people who use the library as well. Well, if they ignored the formal processes and just intruded, it would be useless though, huh?”

They chat as their recognition of me as a criminal continues to strengthen in their minds. When it comes to this troublesome topic, it doesn’t seem like I’ll get a chance to speak. For now I’ll do what I can.
I obediently go through the magic took, and look for magic related to Miss Claire.
Magic to force the criminal to confess… nope. Magic to read the target’s mind… nope. Magic to enslave the target… nope, and how scary.
Still, these spells really aren’t anything decent.

After flipping through the pages for a while, I finally catch eye of a familiar symbol.

“Ah-… This is the one that was on Claire’s neck.”

The mysterious forbidden art that was written over the top of the magic for amplifying hatred. Let’s see…

“Forbidding them from speaking…?”

I continued reading the page.

“What the heck is this?”

What was written there was revolting enough to make you sick.

“Camille?”

“Did you find it?”

“…I found it.”

Mouth-sealing forbidden art. A magic to absolutely prevent inconvenient knowledge of the caster to be spoken.
The moment somebody under the influence of this spell attempts to speak even a single fact about the caster, they will immediately lose their life. This is the case even when they speak with good intention, as well as the case when it is not so.

“…It’s heartless huh?”

Peering in on the book, Achille frowns.

“Did Miss Claire speak anything of the incident?”

“Nah, she’s silent like she’s had her strings cut, so she hasn’t said a thing.”

Thank goodness, if she hasn’t said anything then she’s still alive.

“I’ve understood how to remove the spell on her.”

Supporting Character Introduction

Déborah Jade
A viscount’s daughter (eldest) who has inherited her father’s light blue hair, and her mother’s red-tinged eyes.
A slightly plump build.
She’s a vain and pushy, stereotypical noble’s daughter, but possesses a sharp eye for observation.

She also has a side of her that is good at looking after her younger brother and sister.
Her taste in fashion is a little bad.

Désirée Jade
A viscount's (second) daughter who has inherited her father's light blue hair, and her mother's red-tinged eyes.
A slightly skinny build.
She also has a side of her that judges everything calmly. Her taste in fashion is a little bad.

The two sisters get along very well.
The two of them are distant with their mother and older brother.
Though they are attached to their father who takes other women as mistresses, they regard him coldly, however they treasure Achille who was born of a mistress.

Chapter 11 - Q of Hearts (Part 3)

The dim underground space was damp and smelled of mould, as though it was in a separate space from the gorgeous castle.
Whether Dominique or Claire, it seems that there's a tendency for the criminals in this country to be locked underground. However, compared to this aged dungeon, the cellar in Achille's villa was far better. I followed a few prison guards and headed to the cell where Clair was. My worrywart fiancé followed along as well.

In the castle underground, the imprisoned Claire was unmoving like a puppet with its strings cut, and had a hollow expression. It seems to be a side effect of the forbidden magic.
The forbidden spell that amplifies hatred will increase the target's anger and sadness without end.
If those feelings continued to grow, and exceeded the person's limit… they would end up emotionless and like an empty snakeskin like Claire. It'll probably take time to recover from this state.

"Claire."

I gently spoke to her. Of course, it's to dispell the forbidden art. While speaking to her, I slowly approached her.
Claire's two arms were cuffed by heavy looking shackles. It's probably a harsh weight for a normal noble's daughter, but I can't read anything from Clair's emotionless expression.
The count is probably confined like this in another cell. According to the reports he's complaining about stuff like his arms hurting, or his hips hurting, and is still lively.

"I'm going to dispel the magic cast on you, okay?"

I did give her a warning just in case, but as expected, Claire didn't respond.
First up I carefully undid the mouth-sealing magic, followed by the hatred amplification magic.
I expected her to scream from pain like Dominique, but all she did was roll her eyes back and open and close her mouth repeatedly. It might be that she already didn't have enough strength to scream.
The prison guards regarded Claire who was under forbidden arts, and I who had dispeled them, with expressions of shock.

"Phew, it's done!"

At the same time as the bruise on Claire's neck disappearing, I staggered backwards. Achille who had accompanied me here supported me from behind in a panic.

"Camille?"

“Ah-, thanks. I dispelled both of them together so it seems I’m a little beat.”

“…You wasted magic power again, didn’t you?”

S-, So fussy! Even at a time like this! Certainly I made quite a mistake with my magic power, but I undid the spells safely, so isn’t it fine?

“Speaking of which, I promised that I would teach your magic control earlier, didn’t I?”

“Yeah!”

Various things happened between now and then, but I made a promise with Achille.

“Seems it would be better for me to teach you sooner than later, huh.”

“…Yeah.”

Even though I said that I could walk, Achille left the cell with me in his arms. It’s a princess carry. [tl: ohimesama dakko/bridal carry]

“Let me downnn.”

“Wouldn’t it be bad if you staggered again?”

Whilst still in his arms, I was kissed loudly on the cheek.

“—!”

Even though the prison guards are still here, what a thing to do. It’s so embarassing that I can’t bear it.

“Come now, if you move you’ll fall, you know?”

“!”

Despite saying that, it feels like you’re carrying me pretty stably, you know?
…But Achille sure is skinny for a guy. It’d be terrible if his arms snapped because he of carrying someone like me.

“It really would be better to…”

“Make sure to hold on properly.”

I couldn’t oppose Achille who paid no regard to my consent. My naiveity in allocating magic power is the cause of this, so there’s also my gratitude towards him for taking care of me.
Even in the future when we’re married, will I still be dominated by him like this…?

"…Okay."

I did as I was told, and wrapped my arms around Achille's neck.

Supporting Character Introduction

Adelaide Jade
A viscount's wife with bright red hair and bright red eyes. She originally comes from a baron's family.
She's actually that random upstart baron's relative, and owes him money.
Her ambition and vanity knows no end, and because of that, her spending is also incredible.
Lately she's been busy stopping her husband who seems to be trying to bring his mistress into the house.

Chapter 12 - Q of Hearts (Part 4)

Since then, it seems that Claire's condition has been gradually recovering. It doesn't seem that she's about to say anything yet though.
I hear that the earl is lively as usual. Even though he's stuck in a cell, there are no signs of him thinning.

Oh, right right. I should go visit the Q of Clovers while it's still summer break.
I straddled the quill, and visited the Jade family's villa.

"Is Aurelia in?"

The maid who received me with a surprised look flusteredly went to call for Aurelia.

"Ah-, the little miss from that time. You're gettin' married to Achille, aren't ya?"

"Right! Thanks for that! …There's a little something I want to talk to you about, but can we speak alone?"

"Talk to me? Ya don't 'afta worry; I'm not gunna make eyes at your fiancé yanno?"

"That's not it…"

I pulled Aurelia outside into the villa's garden.

"Aurelia, I might be asking something strange all of a sudden, but… could it be, aren't you actually from another world?"

"Eh-…"

I worried about revealing my true self by talking to Aurelia about this, but decided to put it into action. I felt that if it was Aurelia who was a commoner and the young daughter of a doctor, it would be okay.

"Before you came here, didn't you live another life? Didn't you suddenly get moved to this body?"

"…Why do… ya know…?"

Aurelia looked at me with shock on her face.
The fact that she doesn't know my face nor Achille's means that she might be the same as Mei, and doesn't have knowledge of the game.

"Because I also, lived in another world."

"Eehh-!"

“I was a high school girl before.”

“…I suuure didn’t think that I’d ‘ear a word like ‘high school girl’ in this world.”

Aurelia narrowed her eyes in nostalgia. She might be thinking back on her old life.

“Really… I was also livin’ in a different place before. I look like this, but I ‘ad kids too.”

“Kids?”

“Right. I mean, in my old world, I was fifty-five yanno!”

“Fifty-five?”

“I divorced with my ‘usband, and I ‘ave experience of workin’ to raise my children by myself as well.”

It seems that Aurelia is a lot older than how she looks now. Because it seems that she’s quite my superior, I’m at a loss now as to whether it’s okay to speak to her casually.

“Then, your children?” [← polite]

If she suddenly disappeared, what would happen to her children…?

“It’s fine. They’ve already left the ‘ouse and are workin’.”

“I-, I see so that’s how it is.” ← monotone AND polite

“That’s no good. The daughter of a marquis’ family doesn’t need to watch her words with me!”

Aurelia burst out laughing, seemingly finding it ridiculous. Since she was kind enough to say that I didn’t have to use keigo with her, I decided to speak normally.

“Ah-, oh yeah. Aurelia, you took the entrance exam?”

According to what Beatrix said, she took the exam and failed.

“Aahh, that.”

Aurelia answered with a smile.

“It was one of those; a ‘memento exam’!”

“…”

Eh-, a memento exam?

“I wanted to see what kinda place an elite magic school was! I was thinkin’ that if I got in by some mistake I’d attend, but as you’d expect I failed.”

“Ehhhhh-…”

I felt exhausted. You went to school for a reason like that? It seems that it wasn’t anything to do with the love interest characters.
What’s left is… I have to make sure to find out if she has knowledge of the game.

“You knew about the magic academy?”

“It was famous after all.”

“…Umm, do you recognise my face?”

If she’s played that game, then there’s no way that she wouldn’t know about that nasty slut Camille.

“Mn? I’ve met with ya once before, right? At Déborah’s wedding reception.”

“…Did you ever play an otome game in your old world?”

“Maiden? Game? My daughter played all sorts of games, but… I’ve never played played it before.”

So she really doesn’t know about the game, huh?

“Ahh, but I’m happy. To find someone else who also has ‘memories’ like me in this world where noone knows about my birthplace sure is a good thing.”

Aurelia’s mouth spread in a wide grin, and for a while looked like she was thinking about something.

“Today I came to thank you for the other day, but I wanted to ask you about that as well… Well then, I’ll be going before Achille finds me, okay?”

I handed over my thank you present to Aurelia before straddling my quill.
Today I came to talk to the maids without an appointment, but it’s probably already been revealed by that sharp-eared Achille. I’ve gotta run before I suffer another lecture.

“Ah-, wait a bit.”

Suddenly, Aurelia called out to me.

“Mn, what’s up?”

“It’s nothing but a rumour but right now you’re a noble ojousama aren’t ya? That’s why I was thinkin’ of givin’ ya a little warnin’…”

“Warning?”

After shifting her gaze to confirm that no one was around, Aurelia told me in a quiet voice.

“Lately, the number of commoners with anti-noble sentiments has been increasing ya see, and one of the radical groups is even beginning to move it seems. Not that long ago, a person who got wrapped up in that and injured was carried into our clinic, ya see.”

“Anti-noble sentiment?”

“Yea. “An institution that does nothing but ignoring the circumstances of the commoners, and fighting amongst themselves is unnecessary” they say.”

I paled.
It’s a line that I’m familiar with after all.

“…The revolution, end.”

Living this all too peaceful lifestyle, I got too wrapped up in my own business and carelessly forgot. Forgot the existence of that ending.
I was thinking that I’d avoided the social obliteration end, and the coup d’etat end, and the war end didn’t seem likely either, so… Because this world was moving in a completely different way than the game, I ended up underrating the concern that these presented.
This world is a reality different from the world of that game, but it has the elements needed for incidents in the game to occur… All it was was that we didn’t take the actions necessary for them to happen.

Supporting Character Introduction

Dominique Jade
The Jade family’s eldest son. Sweet tooth. Weights 0.1 tons.
Because he was raised being spoilt, he’s a selfish young master who acts high and mighty with the weak.
He hates his younger brother who is better than him. The only thing he wins in is borrowing the power of his position, and curses him as a “Damned illegitimate child!”.
He himself is aware of the complexes that underly his behaviour… but he can’t stop himself.
Actually possesses a glass heart.

Translator Notes

1. In Japan, just being older raises your status. For two normal people in a non-job context, the older will be the superior simply by merit of age.

2. In Japan, each school/university has it's own exam. You can roughly know how difficult a certain school's exam will be, especially the high ranked schools, and because sometimes the dates overlap, people have to choose their exams carefully, usually with advice from teachers on what their grades/abilities will realistically get them into. However, some people still take exams to hard places just because they have nothing to lose; 記念受験(kinen juken, 'memento exam'/'commemoration exam').

Summer vacation - Last half

Chapter 13 - Q of Hearts (Part 1)

Today Achille came to my house. Recently, he'll appear at my house frequently.

"If you just charge into my villa again, I'll be troubled."

"Uu-…"

So I really got found out, huh.
It seems that his visits to our house also serves as monitoring me. Once he brings up the villa, I can't refute him…
Suddenly, the matter of the revolution came to mine but… I can't decide whether or not to tell Achille. In town, some of the extremist commoners are running wild… At present, that's all it is.
That the line said by Aurelia was in the revolution end of the game, is something that only the players of the game would know.

※

Speaking of which, …Achille suddenly began.

"There's going to be a test pretty soon after we enter second semester, isn't there?"

I'm startled.

"…It'll be fine, this time I'm totally fine~"

"Ohh…? You're that confident?"

For some reason, Achille is looking my way with challenging eyes.

"Er….rr…"

"Yeah, you're right~ For you to have this much summer vacation homework piled up, you'll be totally fine, right~?"

"…!"

Even the matter of the homework, was found ou-…t, huh?
Why!? Even though I made sure that even Aimée didn't know!
All thoughts of the revolution were blown from my mind.

The truth is, the homework that was assigned for my summer vacation hasn't been touched at all.

“Well… There was just too much, and it didn’t feel like it would end?”

Being an elite academy, the homework for the summer break is no joke either.

“…I thought as much.”

“Well, I mean…”

“Take out the textbooks. Your workbook too!”

“Y-, YESH!”

At Achille’s threatening attitude, my voice ended up cracking. In panic, I took out all the stuff I needed for homework.

“…By the way, your homework?”

“I finished it in two days.”

Tsk… this damned intelligentsia![1]

※

“The exam contents will be coming out of this work, so…”

“…Y-, YESF!”

“Camille, are you really listening?”

“I-, I am, but,”

Honestly speaking, it’s not possible. I mean, isn’t this all weird?

“A-, Achille-sensei. I really think I’d prefer to sit properly… Please.”

“Mn? what are you saying? Aren’t you already sitting?”

So Achille says, but this really is weird! I mean, right now I’m sitting between his knees~
Indeed, I’m sitting here being embraced by Achille from behind. Occasionally his hand brushes about, so it can’t help that it’s on my mind.

“This one is wrong…”

“Ah-”

“This one too…”

No good, I can't concentrate, so lots of mistakes are appearing. Both this and that are because of Achilleee!

"I wonder if this unserious student of mine needs a spanking."

"…!"

Don't say that so happily!
It's because Achille is like this, that Royce-sama has awakened to that new inclination of his~!
He was tormenting that little villainous count with a thorned whip, you know~!

I decided that I would escape from Achille's knees. The moment I see an opening, I'll squirm and break out of these constraints.

"…Camille."

I could feel Achille lightly laughing from behind me.

"We're not done yet, you know?"

He began putting strength into his arms, and I ended up locked in harder than before.
C-, Can't move! Will I be unable to even go to the bathroom until this homework is done?

"Redo it?"

He whispered sweetly into my ear, so I'm feeling kind of ticklish. In the confusion, even my thigh got stroked.
…C-, Can I report him for sexual harassment? Or is there no rule against that because he's my fiancé?

"Hyauu…"

So that I wouldn't pay attention to the feeling of my face getting hotter, or my pulse gradually getting quicker, I desperately clung to my exercise book.
Now that it's come to this, I have no choice but to finish my homework and escape from Achille!
I tackled my homework problems with never-before-seen vigour.

Supporting Character Introduction

Claire Tito
The young miss of a count's family. An only child.
She was raised in quite a pampered manner, so she has a selfish and aggressive personality.
Even if he showers cold words on her, she likes Raiga; she's this kind of slightly

masochistic person.
Her made-up face is a little harsh looking.

Translator Notes

1. When I write ‘intelligentsia’ I mean ‘intelligentsia’, but it’s a looooooot more commonly used in Japanese, and usually with a less strict meaning of the word. It’s basically used where we might use ‘nerd’ or ‘intellectual’, but yeah. Since it’s so common in Japanese, I thought I may as well let you guys know in case one day some other translator just writes ‘intelligentsia’ and you’re left going ‘wtf’? Wikipedia

Chapter 14 - Q of Hearts (Part 2)

A few hours later…
I was laying exhausted on the couch after finishing the fourth of the homework that I planned to do.

“Camille, we aren’t even half done yet you know?”

“Uuu… I can’t, anymore.”

In various meanings…
My emotions can’t endure.
Raising my head from the sofa and turning my neck, BAKIBAKI sounds ring out.

“Can’t be helped, huhh.”

Achille chuckled to himself, and sat right next to where I was laying down.

“M……n”

I felt a comfortable pressure on my neck… then on my shoulders too.

“…How stiff. Even though you hardly did any work.”

It seems that Achille is giving me a massage. Together with a needless comment.

“I was reading a magic book after all…. Phewww-”

Ahhh, feels good. To Achille who’s great at everything, massages are no exception.

“…You’re like an old man.”

“…”

I decided to try my best to shut up. I feel that being called an old man by your own fiancé is pretty bad too, after all.

“Hey Camille, does it feel good?”

In a sweet voice overflowing with amour, Achille whispered to me.

“Mn… It feels goood.”

It feels so good that I’m about to fall asleep. Even though there’s still more than half of the “Homework You’ll Do Today” that Achille gave me to do.

“Ah-, oh yeah, Achille…”

“Mn, whaat?”

Only now do I remember the rumours about the revolution end that Aurelia talked about.
He might just tell me that I’m exaggerating, but I decide to tell Achille.

“You know, it seems that recently amongst the commoners there’s an anti-noble movement appearing. “An institution that does nothing but ignoring the circumstances of the commoners, and fighting amongst themselves is unnecessary” they say.”

“Aahh, you’re talking about how there’s been stuff like huge numbers of torches being thrown into nobles’ estates, or noble girls being assaulted when they go out?”

“…-, yeah.”

It seems that Achille knows about it too. Moreover, in greater detail than me…

“It’s kind of been on my mind. It couldn’t be… a revolution or something, could it?”

I spoke while feigning indifference, but I’m actually worried about if there’s preparations for a revolution going on somewhere, or maybe the actions of those extremists will escalate and becomelinked to a revolution.

“Camille.”

Achille stroked my head soothingly.

“Certainly it’s difficult to say that the situation in the castle is normal… Outside of the conflict between the King Faction and the Royal Prince faction, the knights will struggle for achievements and won’t do their jobs properly, or the bureaucrats are afraid of stepping on anyone’s tails so in self-protection they won’t give the go ahead for various important ventures. The reason that we had trouble getting permission to access the forbidden areas of the archives are also because of that.”

“Eh-, really? The permission for the forbidden magic books was because of that too?”

I don’t really know much about the soldiers struggling for achievements, but the issue of the forbidden magic books was just recently.

“At that rate they’d just pretend that it didn’t happen, so I forced it.”

“…So it was because of your efforts that we got permission.”

I didn’t know. That he went and got us permission.

“Um, Achille… Thanks.”

“If it’s thanking me, there’s no need, you know? I wanted to see the forbidden magic books too after all…””

“Even so, it’s because you got us permission that I could remove the forbidden magic on Claire, you know?”

“…-, Camille!”

“Uwoa-?”

The place I was lying down on suddenly overturned becauseof Achille.
Achille who was sitting next to me was now blanketing me.

“Eh-, ah-, Achille? Achille-san?”

“It’s because you said something so cute, Camille.”

Chuckling while letting out an amorous atmosphere, Achille buried his face in my nape.
Uwah, uwah, what do I do? What do I do? I can feel his breath at the bottom of my neck, and it’s really ticklish.

“Achi-…-,”

Suddenly, I could feel a light pain on my neck.

“That hurts… What are you doing!?”

However, Achille who had raised his head paid me no heed, and smiled in satisfaction.

“Camille, because the commoners are moving, you might be worried for Royce-sama, but don’t do anything rash… You’re a noble too, after all.”

“It’s okay. I can use heaps of magic after all, and I have my magic tattoos too… Huh? How come even though I have my magic tattoos, I could feel pain on my neck?”

“Isn’t it because the magic tattoos didn’t determine it as “harm”?”

“Is that how it is?”

“It seems that there are a number of ways to get around it, huh… It’s because there are things like this too, that I think it’d be better if you didn’t overestimate yourself.”

“Y-, Yeah… By the way, just now, what on earth did you do to me?”

Achille just smirked and didn’t tell me.

“I think you’ll find out at night.”

That night, when I saw the nape of my neck in the bathroom mirror, I turned red and let out a scream.

Supporting Character Introduction

Count tito
A noble of the Royal Prince Faction. Was aiming for the position of the queen's father.
Is even fatter than Dominique. Normally has a cheerful and amiable personality.
Even in prison, he just lives as he likes.
He's faint of heart, but possesses a fairly bold and strong-willed personality.

Character Appearance Exposition (Real-World Parallel Universe Version)

Camille

Hair : Long pink hair that hangs down to her hips
Her hair is naturally straight, but occasionally curls the tips
Face : Is a type of 'little devil' type, and is fair skinned (tl: 'little devil' as in those not-so-innocent little girls who are perhaps cheeky, or temptresses)
Eyes : Raspberry (largish and a little turned up at the corners)
Mouth : Pink lips
Height : Slightly small
Build : Thinnish

<Tattoos>
Left cheek~neck, both arms and legs : A thin ivy with blooming flowers (navy)
Behind neck : Small wings (white)
Right upper arm : Butterfly (blue)
Right chest : Rose (red)
Back of right hand : Sun (navy)
Back of left hand: Moon (navy)
Left hip : Heart (red)
Navel : Pentagram (navy)

Clothing
Outer clothing : Magician's robe (dark red)
Inner clothing : Often black clothing (often form-fitting)

Achille

Hair : Caramel hair, slightly soft
Face : Sweet type
Eyes : Cobalt (droop slightly at the corners)
Height : Slightly small
Build : Thinnish

Clothing: Nobles' clothes (often navy or blue based)

Royce

Hair : Silky blonde prince's hair
Face : Prince's face (gentle atmosphere)
Eyes : Blue

Height : Average
Build : Slightly thinnish

Clothing: European prince's clothing (white base with gold lining)

Raiga

Hair : Cold silver prince's hair
Face : Cool type (a little mean looking)
Eyes : Blue
Height : Tall
Build : Thin but built

Clothing: European prince's clothing (black base with gold lining)

Mei

Hair : Navy blue short cut
Face : Small-animal type, dark skin
Eyes : Golden (cat-like)
Height : Small
Build : A little thinnish

Clothing: Maid clothing (castle's version); white, girlish clothing (normal clothing)

Kai

Mostly the same as Mei
Clothing: Butler clothing; after running away, black clothing

Tria (Baka-sama)

Hair : Long, straight, bronze hair (often also ties it together in a ponytail)
Face : Dark skin, wild type
Eyes : Golden, long slits
Height : Tall
Build : Average and built

Clothing: Arabian prince clothing (white)
Ornaments: Because of the excessive assessories, he jingles

Beatrix

Hair : Long, straight black hair that reaches her back
Face : A bewitching, adult-like face
Eyes : Orange and turned up at the corners
Mouth : Deep crimson
Height : Tall
Build : Nice body (tl: curvy)

Clothing: Arabian knight's clothing (red base)

Aurelia

Hair : Braided, unruly, black hair
Face : Japanese-style beauty, eyes slightly upturned at the corners, and wears glasses
Eyes : Almond shaped and black
Mouth : Beige type
Height : Average
Build : A little thinnish

Clothing: Maid clothing (Jade house's version), leopard print clothing (normal clothing)

Frau (Heroine)

Hair : Cinnamon coloured bob cut
Face : A neat and refreshing face
Eyes : Olive eyes
Mouth : No makeup
Height : A little short-ish
Build : Average

Clothing: Has a lot of green base clothes

Principal

Hair : Silver hair bunched into three thick braids that reach their hip
Face : Fair-skinned and a little unhealthy looking
Eyes : Golden eyes that can't be read
Height : Tall
Build : Unsteady looking

Clothing: Educator's clothing

Author's Note:
The Q's are rival characters, so many of them have tsurime;

TL Note:
tsurime translated as 'upturned at the corners'
tareme translated as 'drooping at the corners'

Credits

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Table of Contents

Summer vacation - First half 3
- Chapter 1 - Q of Hearts (Part 1) 4
- Chapter 2 - Q of Hearts (Part 2) 11
- Chapter 3 - Q of Hearts (Part 3) 15
- Chapter 4 - J of Hearts (Part 1) 19
- Chapter 5 - J of Hearts (Part 2) 22
- Chapter 6 - J of Hearts (Part 3) 25
- Chapter 7 - Q of Hearts (Part 4) 29
- Non-canon - Q of Hearts (Part 4) (parallel world) 33
- Chapter 8 - Q of Hearts (Part 5) 38

Summer vacation - Second half 41
- Chapter 9 - Q of Hearts (Part 1) 42
- Chapter 10 - Q of Hearts (Part 2) 46
- Chapter 11 - Q of Hearts (Part 3) 50
- Chapter 12 - Q of Hearts (Part 4) 53

Summer vacation - Last half 58
- Chapter 13 - Q of Hearts (Part 1) 59
- Chapter 14 - Q of Hearts (Part 2) 63
- Character Appearance Exposition (Real-World Parallel Universe Version) 67

Credits 71